

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 30, 1985

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 30, 1985 VOL. 28 NO. 52



## MACLEAN'S AT 80

From Maclean's beginning in 1906, the magazine documented the building of a nation. It highlighted Canada's significant men and women, portrayed the land in all its moods and described the currents of history. This special 26-page anniversary issue of Maclean's, celebrating its 80th birthday, is the latest metamorphosis of the little magazine that Lt.-Col John Byrne Maclean first offered to the public eight decades ago.

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## Balance of power

"Conflicting interests" (World/Cover, Nov. 25) highlights the "key hot spots" where Soviet troops and advisers are based in Latin America, Africa and Southeast Asia. I would appreciate a similar article regarding the hot spots of U.S. troops and advisers, I subscribed to a Canadian—not American—magazine.

—BORIS NAZAREL,  
Toronto, Ont.

## Canadian consumer activism

For Allen Fetheringham to say that Ralph Turner "invented the idea of the lawyer" ("Recognizing the Rider's legacy" *Column*, Dec. 2) is going a little too far. Consumer activists have been organized in Canada since 1947 as the Consumers' Association of Canada. In the mid-1960s the CAC lobbied for and got a federal consumer affairs department, with John Turner as minister. Perhaps Fetheringham is too young to remember the long, extra-large and -pink packages with no indication of weight or volume, or the millions of dollars saved annually by consumers because the CAC made representations on their behalf in telephone rate hearings.

—GLENDA BLISSON  
Brampton, Ont.

## Clarifying a breakthrough

In your article "The advance against cancer" (*Medicine*, Dec. 16) was a statement attributed to me which requires clarification. Though it is true that therapy with Interleukin 2 may not prove effective against many solid tumors, it likely is not due to the presence of "killer



Turner looking out for consumers

cells" (suspecting cells that may not be susceptible to attack by killer cells). Conventional chemotherapy acts most effectively on cells that are cycling—that is, capable of dividing and multiplying. Since at any given time only a small fraction of cells within a solid tumor are cycling, the remainder of cells in that tumor are not susceptible to the chemotherapy agents. Interleukin 2, on the other hand, appears to kill cancer cells by activating immune cells capable of killing tumors. These "killer cells" can potentially kill both cycling and noncycling tumor cells and therefore may be more effective than chemotherapy. It is this major difference in the mechanism of tumor-killing that makes this form of treatment so attractive. Much more work is necessary, however, before its role in therapy can be established.

—JAMES A. HATHORN, MD  
Toronto-Denison Clinic,  
Ontario Cancer Foundation,  
St. Joseph Medical Centre,  
Toronto

## Missing the misses

Your Letters section has been gradually shrinking. Many people regard it as the most important part of your magazine because it reflects a broad cross section of national thinking. Under your new policy, using a worthy letter must now be tossed into the trash can. I suggest expanding your Letters section as a New Year's bonus to your more critical and faithful readers.

—ARON L. DUBOWITZ,  
Burlington, B.C.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers are asked to provide address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Maclean's* magazine, Mailroom Manager Bldg., 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1A7.

## PAGES

**BOULEVARD:** Organized-crime leader Paul Castellano, 33, by gunmen armed with pistols (page 46).

**DEED:** Maritime supermarket magnate Frank Seely, 58, in Abenacomb, N.E. A former butcher's boy, Seely built a small grocery store in Bellarion, N.B., into a half-billion-dollar retail empire.

**DEED:** Baseball superstar Roger Maris, 51, after a two-year battle with leukemia cancer, in Houston. Maris hit 41 home runs during his 1961 season with the New York Yankees, breaking the previous record of 60 set in 1961 by baseball's legendary Babe Ruth.

**ABERRANT:** British actress Judy Cusack, the 1960s English-In-Vogue "back-to-basics" girl, 46, ex-changes-of-dress-swinging, at Heathrow airport in London.

**SHAKED:** Actor/director Sylvester Stallone (*Rocky*), 35, and Danish actress Brigitte Nielsen, 28, in Beverly Hills.

**SENTENCED:** Sexist chemist who shot farmer Robert Kelling, 49, who says that he believes Roger Anne Murray is secretly in love with him, to ten months in jail after being convicted of breach of a June 19 probation order which forbade him to make contact with Murray or members of her family, by provincial court Judge Ross Archibald, in Amherst, N.B.

**RESERVED:** Judgment against *Maclean's* editor Kevin Doyle, managing editor Robert Lewis, columnist Allan Fetheringham and Marlene Hunter Ltd., defendants in a libel suit filed by Opposition leader John Turner's chief of staff, John Seftin and former executive assistant Michael Wheeler, by British Columbia Supreme Court Justice Allan Macdowell, in Vancouver. The plaintiffs, who are seeking at least \$40,000 in damages, claim that a satirical Fetheringham column in the June 13 issue of *Maclean's*, which alluded to "self-swinging bridges," tarnished their reputations.

**CLASHED:** Former defense minister Robert Coates, 57, of a change of sexual harassment filed by former appointments secretary Cicely Hilbert, by the Canadian Human Rights Commission, in Ottawa. Hilbert alleged that the Conservative MP had made an improper advance to her in his apartment on Jan. 26. Coates, who represents the Cumberland-Colchester riding in Nova Scotia, resigned from the cabinet Feb. 15 following newspaper reports that he had visited a West German strip club.

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CANADA

## A rancorous finale

The bells that rang on Parliament Hill last week were not tolling Christmas tidings but the anger of opposition legislators. Frustrated by the Conservative government's attempts to push more than a dozen bills through the House of Commons in the final week before the Christmas break, Liberal and New Democratic Party were ignored the division bells summoning them for a vote. In the end the government succeeded in passing some measures, including legislation to redesign the electoral map that it was forced to withhold passage of others until new session work on Jan. 13—and in the case of one extraordinary hour the week was marked by a surprising retreat in the face of opposition complaints.

The opposition seized its victory when the government gave way to demands that a parliamentary committee study the proposed sale of Crown-owned de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. to The Boeing Co. The surprising concession by Minister Stevens, minister of regional industrial expansion, came after Treasury Board President Robert de Cotret had repeatedly refused to refer the controversial deal to committee. But observers noted that the committee hearings would also give the Conservatives, caught off balance by the de Havilland affair, a fresh chance to present their case for selling the aerospace giant.

For his part, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney did not appear to be perturbed by the disruptive parliamentary week. He had shorter matters on his mind as he headed for his official retreat at Harrington Lake near Ottawa for Christmas with his family. During the Christmas break Mulroney

was expected to work on possible plans for a new budget in March, prepare for trade talks with the United States and decide on a cabinet shuffle, which is expected in January.

The coming shift of ministers has already been nicknamed "the Montreal shuffle" by government insiders, be-

lieve that of some cabinet ministers, the government's legislative performance during the final sitting of Parliament was uneven. Among the major bills debated since the summer were new rules designed to give women and members of minority groups more jobs in the public sector, tax changes eman-



Mulroney in Parliament: 'I would outlive September in the future'

ating from Finance Minister Michael Wilson's May budget and legislation to reimburse uninsured depositors of the Canadian Commercial and Northland banks, which failed in September, by up to \$50 million. For his part, Justice Minister John Crosbie finished bills cracking down on drunk drivers and street prostitutes.

For Mulroney's government September proved to be the cruelest month, with the collapse of the two banks and the resignations of Communications Minister Marcel Masse, who was under investigation for possible election expenses irregularities—he returned to the cabinet last month—and Fisheries Minister John Fraser after the tainted tuna affair.

With the session nearly over, Mulroney could reflect calmly on his troubles. "If I had any advisers," he told one television, "I would outlive September in the future."

As it turned out, the tuna fish affair threatened to return to haunt the government last week. Health Minister Jake Epp told the Commons that, after receiving a complaint, his department had ordered another 38,500 cans of tuna packed by Star-Kist Canada Inc. removed from store shelves in response. Fisheries Minister Thomas Mulcair announced a six-point plan to raise tuna quality standards and keep raised fish off store shelves.

—PAUL GERRARD in Ottawa

Maclean's



# Testing 'nuclear allergy'

**I**f was a campaign promise that many observers doubted would ever be fully implemented—a pledge to force New Zealand into a nuclear-free zone. But 17 months after his election Prime Minister David Lange and his Labour Party seem determined to honor the commitment. A draft bill introduced to the New Zealand parliament Dec. 10 would give the prime minister the right to ban nuclear weapons anywhere within the country's airspace or territorial waters. The prohibition would also extend to weapons carried by foreign ships visiting New Zealand's ports, including those belonging to the United States—which, with Australia, is New Zealand's partner in the 30-year-old ANZUS defense treaty. In effect, critics say, Lange's commitment to the nuclear-free principle threatens to undermine Wellington's long-standing military alliance with Washington and Canberra. And the costs could be high.

Last week Lange's administration officials maintained positions on New Zealand to consider changing the proposed law. Although Wellington's stance is that its armed forces are not dependent on port visits by nuclear-powered vessels, a defense department official said "We want to remind our allies that a treaty is a treaty. A treaty means full, not partial, co-operation." Even before the legislation was tabled, Lange had banned port visits by other nuclear-powered or nuclear-armed ships in response, the Postage suspended joint military exercises with New Zealand and sharply curbed its sharing of defense intelligence with Wellington.

The Labour government's decision to proceed with the draft bill has clearly raised uncertainties in Washington. "There is not a chance in hell that we will give defense help, or any other help, to New Zealand as long they ban the ships," said one Pentagon official

Another warned that Lange's government would not only suffer militarily but economically. "What's going to happen the next time U.S. supply providers go to Congress and ask for protection against New Zealand imports?" he asked. "Will people in Capitol Hill still say, 'These are our allies, they need special treatment?' I doubt it."

In its own defense, government officials in New Zealand insist that they

the Soviet Union information about the fleet that Washington does not intend to provide.

More critically, the Reagan administration fears the spread of what U.S. officials have described as Wellington's "nuclear allergy." For years Japan has discreetly refrained from inquiring about the cargo of U.S. ships docking in Japanese ports. For its part, Ottawa routinely allows U.S. ships and



Demonstrators surround a U.S. submarine in New Zealand waters: the costs could be high

do not intend to scuttle the ANZUS accord. The document, said Defense Minister Frank O'Rourke, is not really a mutual defense treaty at all but merely obliges the three parties to consult each other if one of them is endangered. It contains no clauses pertaining to nuclear weapons, and New Zealand's military forces have never engaged in any exercises involving nuclear arms. Moreover, the draft legislation, Lange noted, was amended to bar only nuclear-armed ships, not those that are nuclear-powered. But that concession, Washington says, is insufficient. American policy is neither to confirm nor deny whether any U.S. ship carries nuclear weapons. A vessel allowed to dock in New Zealand port, therefore, would automatically give

planes carrying nuclear weapons to enter Canadian waters and airspace, although the Postage must formally seek Canadian permission. Washington's hard line against Lange is clearly designed to discourage other U.S. allies from drafting similar legislation.

The New Zealand bill has been referred to a parliamentary committee for study. If it becomes law, U.S. officials will formally review the ANZUS treaty and Wellington's role in it. And with neither side prepared to seek a compromise, the outcome, observers say, may be the end of ANZUS. But with 70 per cent of its electorate solidly behind him, Lange showed no signs of backing down.

—JOHN WILKINSON in Auckland

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# MACLEAN'S AT 80

**A**s the century and, indeed, the millennium hurry to their end, this week **Maclean's** celebrates its 80th birthday with an overview of the ma-

gazine's eight decades. What emerges is an ornate and often tangled tapestry of brimming hopes, bleak despair, almost endless war, scientific accomplishment and a society in perpetual motion. Sometimes sweetly, sometimes jarringly out of tune, the contributors to a publication launched when the country was still a child sang the song of Canada. Senior Writer Glen Allen looked back through the magazine's pages and prepared the following portrait of the men and women who created, managed and produced **Maclean's**—and of the country they tried to mirror.



**T**he year of 1905 was a stupor season of high prices, tight appetites and a boundless if naïve faith that, as the young Dominion's leader, 38-year-old Wilfrid Laurier, promised, the century to come would belong to Canada. The next worst depression was more than 10 years into the past, and the next was a quarter-century away. The Post Office announced that it had made a half-million-dollar profit for its 61 million clients. And although in that era the average Canadian took home only \$6 for a work week that lasted nearly 57 hours, most could find jobs and support families as stable as the 38 years since Confederation fewer than 5,000 Canadian couples had been divorced.

In that buoyant year there were triumphs to be savored: sealer Lou Schelen, just the year before, had won the Diamond Sculls at the world-famed Henley Regatta in England, and the year after, young Bruce of Hanover, Ont., would become the world's heavyweight boxing champion. And a wonderfully vivid if irrepressibly sometimes 45-year-old Toronto newspaper named *Li-Coi*, John Haynes Maclean, with a coaching faith in the spiritual virtues of hard work, realized a burning ambition.

Maclean, son of a Hebridean Presbyterian parson from a town near Guelph, Ont., had moved to Toronto as a fellow reporter for the *World* in 1888

but decided that prosperity lay in publishing his own periodical for tradesmen, first *The Canadian Grocer*, then four others, among them *Hardware and Metal* and *Dry Goods Review*. But he yearned for a general-interest magazine, a public platform that would offer something beyond the dry and dogmatic contents of the most popular Canadian magazines of the day, *The Presbyterian Record* and *The Christian Guardian*. And 30 years ago, in October, the first *Maclean's*, christened *The Business Magazine*, later called *The Busy Man's Magazine*, appeared a thicket digest of extracts and reprints taken, with permission but without payment, from other magazines.

Beyond a bright cover as blue as the *Colours* pliering

eyes, it proclaimed itself "The Crown of the World's Magazines Reproduced for Busy People." Its printed 5,000 copies inside were 144 pages of articles covering such topics of the day as "Wills and Ways of the Chamberlaine," changing fashions in men's collars ("a notable departure for spring is a collar made of the same fabric as the shirt") and a poll concluding that five of six men preferred horse-drawn locomotion to the baron's carriage, which Maclean's later turned a danger because it meant the end of the chapter, "the last which we kept on our youngsters."

The new magazine, which the proprietor named after himself six years later, soon began to commission original material. The first article written for Maclean's publication came in the second issue, in November, 1905, a profile of Senator George Fulkner of Brockville, Ont., the patent-medicine man who made a fortune with his "Pink Pills for Pale People."

The magazine was fortunate both in its choice of editors (page 32) and staff and blessed with managers (page 34). They were prudent and conservative like Maclean himself—so careful old envelopes and handwritten letters of the office lights at night—and they kept it alive through many lean and unprofitable years, which saw the death of such media institutions as *Liberty* and *The Star Weekly*.

From the beginning, and with gathering speed, the magazine documented the building of a nation. It portrayed the significant men and women, painted the land in all its moods and described the currents of history that made Canada what it is. Maclean's was also a prism for a century that, it became increasingly clear, was being under an evil star—crowded with war and hard times and domestic and international tensions. And it served as the training ground for an increasingly varied number of Canada's best writers, artists and photographers.

Decade by decade, from those euphoric early years through the grim First World War, the giddy, high-flying 1920s, the dire, disconnected 1930s, the war-torn and fearful 1940s, the swing and comfortable 1950s, through the

1960s, full of soulful doubt and self-examination, and the low lean and somber decades that followed, Maclean's, almost as old as the combined ages of these two other diurnals of national life, the *CBC* and the *National Film Board*, recorded the nation's achievements, failures—and growing pains. And it was, according to Canadian journalist Ron Paulson, "one of those bastions that kept Canadians together, like good beef and bad weather."

Maclean's lifetime has been an era marked by universal education, the shift from rural to urban life, the growing power of the state and the decline of unquestioning religious belief. There was an extraordinary flowering in mass entertainment and communication. And there was the inevitable abandonment of Canadians' blind obedience to the British Empire (an article in the July, 1908, issue devoted 2,000 words entirely to King Edward's cigarette-smoking habits). Then came the American empire, new and adroitly superior, and—overshadowing almost everything else—the deflection of science.

Maclean's articles and advertisements that were often breathlessly enthusiastic told readers about the wonders of scientific achievement whose apparently bottomless cornucopias spilled forth radio, hydroelectric power, refrigeration, the zipper, the Minoxaur, the picture window, the ballpoint pen, television and the pill. It

was science that put airplanes into the skies, that halted the scourge of new diseases almost as quickly as they appeared (in 1905 tuberculosis was the leading killer). But the sometimes dubious achievements of science made the prospect of future warfare one of total destruction and ethical doubt.

Maclean's was far from perfect. Its rival, *The Canadian Messenger*, called it an "illustrated jingo publication" that "has the effrontery to call itself Canada's National Magazine." Indeed, Maclean's was stiffly shy to blood-drenched anaphoric barn that occasionally swept the land, as Oct. 18, 1942, an article about the internment of Japanese-Canadian citizens began, "The Japs are gone and British Colum-





Edward Yip devoted to cigars



Lester selling peace first



Charles de Gaulle kept us dry

his hopes to have seen the last of them."

At its worst, *Maclean's* was an uncritical booster of everything Canadian and was also all but satisfied to make politicians that never came to pass English-farmer author H.G. Wells once wrote in *Maclean's* that future wars would be fought on bicycles. When the Great Depression struck in 1929, *Maclean's* editor H. Naylor Moore called it "a good thing—it got things down to brass tacks" (For all that, the company's proprietors, with a clearer awareness of the hard times ahead, dropped *Maclean's* price to five cents a copy.) An article in the July 15, 1930, issue was titled "Does Japan Want War? The Answer is No."

For his part, Moore, writing after the pre-Second World War Munich meeting between British Prime Minister STANLEY BURNHAM and Adolf Hitler in 1938, proclaimed that Chamberlain's "policy has kept us dry." The most famous of all *Maclean's* blunders came in the issue of June 22, 1957, an election year, when editor Ralph Allen was so sure that the Liberals would once again come to power that he wrote an editorial—before the vote—saying that the Liberals had once again been given an "almost unprecedented vote of confidence." That issue, printed and bound before the election, hit the stands the day after John Diefenbaker's Conservative won.

It is fitting, with *Maclean's* celebrating 80 years, led by Col. Maclean's infatuation with the rifle and his hair's devotion to the status quo, the magazine registered almost every beat of the young nation's heart, usually with accuracy and decency, with occasional—and something like too—much *Maclean's* was, as well, often ahead of its time, being edited into being in 1916, long before other English-Canadian publications, of *Canadian*, giving assessments and occasionally even addressing issues that brought about changes in the texture of national life (page 26). And, said Robert Foltz, new editor of *Saturday Night* and one of a legion of distinguished *Maclean's* alumni, "none of it was even literature."

The country that *Maclean's* began to chronicle 80 years ago, according to Peter C. Newman, an employee of *Maclean's* for 22 years, editor for 11 and author of an unpublished study of the magazine's early years called *The Maclean's Book*, was "a spiritually narrow and bigoted land" where Canadians, 87 per cent of them born in Canada, were only slowly adjusting to waves of immigrants settling the empty West. Canadian lives revolved around life on the farm and in the small towns where three-fifths of them



The Battle of the Somme (1916). Eddie Roper (below) cradled with his



Unemployment "Glee-O-More" protest (1932). The Depression "got down to brass tacks"

lived and around their church (the 1917 census reported that there were only 11,000 "pagans" in the country). In their free time they paid formal calls on each other, and even their most adventurous pleasures rarely exceeded the golf course. It was a land of small towns, of small things.

*Maclean's*, successor of the 1st Prince of Wales Pudding, his regiment war stories only once, and that was to put down an industrial dispute in Quebec was a child of his time, a true believer in the work ethic, a worshipper of success and its rewards, a man who called his employees his "family." One early *Maclean's* author proclaimed that "money is a hundred of virtues, and under its sheltering influence every man has developed strange, monstrous, fragrant forms of character." Another wrote that "the nation that perpetuates itself in domestic servitude is the land that impoverishes its home life." But for the most part, especially after a war that buried the young country out of its childhood, the text of the magazine represented the world for readers who monthly, or fortnightly (and, for the first seven years, weekly), plucked it out of mailboxes from coast to coast. They read not only about gathering wars and growing social unrest but, in 1930, about the "natural vitality" from the tropics—the bananas—and learned about a concoction called the club sandwich.

During *Maclean's* first quarter-century, its editors devoted much of the rest of the magazine to short stories, most

blended with buggy endings, many reprinted from such American magazines as *Conspicuous* (which in 1900 had declared that "in a few years the Americanization of Canada will be so complete that innovation is assured").

In the early years the fiction was so bland and optimistic—although exceptions through the years ranged from Stephen Leacock's *Sunday Sketches* in 1917 to W.O. Mitchell's *Jake and the Aids* stories which began in 1942—that in a 1959 issue editor Moore excused himself for publishing a story about a woman who had big feet. Moore declared that it was "a daring deed to write a short story in which the heroine was not a divine creature with a perfect form, gorgeous eyes, an adorable nose and tantalizing hair."

*Maclean's* founder was mostly afraid of socialism ("Trotsky," he wrote in 1913, "is very noisy and talkative and unprincipled") and he was at least twice offered a Conservative seat in the Senate (he refused both times). But the magazine, although clearly appealing to the values of Middle Canada, was never politically partisan. The Colonel—one of whose mottos was "never distrust the instinct and judgment of the ordinary man"—with his

own *Maclean's* and *Maclean's* was a staunch newspaper, but his editorial focus was not for sale. He did, however, believe in attacking whatever political party was in power. That attitude of comfortable non-alienation survived long after *Maclean's* died in 1966. In 1964 Ralph Allen, the magazine's editor between 1956 and 1960, declared: "Maybe we shouldn't admit it but this magazine has no declared editorial policy. Once, years ago, a former editor wrote a few bold paragraphs setting forth the magazine's ' creed' but nobody who works here now can remember what it was." And in 1985, and current *Maclean's* editor Kevin Doyle, "we have no bias and we never will have any."

In the magazine's early years *Maclean's* byline appeared frequently and, because he owned the magazine, his articles went into print as they left his desk—undated. As a result, they were often erratic or at least unbalanced. One from 1916, commented by the slightest shred of fact, hinted darkly about "secret societies" financed by and working for Germany in Toronto. For his part, Floyd Chisholm, who rose from a housekeeping reporter on the publishing empire's *Financial Post* to become president of the parent Maclean-Hunter corporation and one of the nation's best-known cultural philanthropists, said *Maclean's* writing "could strike the average reader as a veritable *Mad Men's* with an edge, no documentation, sometimes with no reason for being." But gradually the Colonel began to attract distinguished journalists to the magazine's staff.

One was Thomas B. Costain, a Bradford, Ont., native who became editor of *Maclean's* in 1914 after selling *Maclean's* founder and *Maclean's* went on to become associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* and an important historical novelist (*The Black Rose*, *The Tenth*, *The*





Not in 1954: *Jailbirds* (below) a vulgar media war surrounded Marilyn's infomercial nude, and 1950s CBC publicity stunts were little better



1958 'strawberry-bon' suburbs, 1853 coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in carriage with Prince Philip: there were strap and corsetable

## MACLEANS AT BO

wrote, "Canada is on the verge of a great era. I suppose if I keep saying this I am sure to be right some time." And in 1980 a *Maclean's* writer explained how a family of four could get by comfortably on an income of \$45 a week (\$68 for food, \$1.50 for rent, \$1.50 for transportation, and the rest was gravy).

In 1950, after his quarter-century at *Maclean's*, Irwin decided it was time for new blood to take over the editor's chair and he offered it to Ralph Allen. He was a journalist-poet who was an indefatigable worker and a charismatic but—according to former staff writer Barbara Moon—often "apoplectic" editor. And, along with Irwin himself, he was a quiet if unabashed political.

Allen put his own stamp on the magazine and he expanded on already high-pedigree stuff. Although some of the questions that Allen's *Maclean's* addressed were from months decades old—including free trade and Senate reform—the available topics were richer than ever. The Cold War was growing colder by the week, there were reports of "lying nuns" in the states, and women began to wear a dress called "the sack" (write Allen: "We are boycotting all women who wear it. We appeal them from the human race").

At the same time, the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team had won four Stanley Cups in five years, white margarine took on the color of butter over dairy farmers' protests, super-scientists seemed to spring up everywhere, and automobiles sprouted fins. The CBC began television broadcasts in 1952 and building a roster of stars including singer Julee, puppet Uncle Chasidovna, weatherman Percy Saltzman and anchor Don Dick MacDougall and Elaine Grand. As sales of TV sets increased every year, Hollywood fought back with three-dimension-

al movies. *Maclean's* reported the whole mad bazaar.

As well, the magazine took on ever-queer entrepreneurial topics. In 1958 one (during Macdonald's article denouncing "The Truth About Impotence," one of the previously unmentionable traumas suffered by modern middle-aged men who was looked with his family in the newly spreading suburbs. E.G. Falah described them as "strawberry bonnets built with no more knowledge of home design and community planning than a row of baseball diamonds." And there were dozens of first-person articles with such titles as "I was a Drunk" and "I Tried Suicide."



The Atomic Age permeated many aspects of life. By 1950 the bombs dropped on Japan five years earlier had spawned a 15-cent model A-Bomb, a best-selling toy in Canada that year. Editorialized Allen in April "The least you can say in defense of a child playing with it is that he may not know it's loaded. Most grown-ups know better. Looking even the excuse of innocence, we pile on the guilt of indifference." The A-Bomb was only one of the Big Questions in the air in

the popular *Maclean's* feature "For the Sake of Accuracy," McGill University scholar Norman J. Borel operated that if the whole race did not disappear in some calamity, then half of it—the male half, soon to be biologically unnecessary—might vanish through nature's own design.

But there was fun to be had. *Maclean's* had always been full of light-hearted cultural notes like the 1958 story about a neurologist who said in Toronto that he had learned the language of paraguas. They spoke in a "low whine," and the man whined more that the females, Gordon Sinclair had written about raising goldfish, the life of a nightclub drummer and dining ("This is like a black eye—it comes fast and feels awkward") from the 1950s. *Maclean's* books hammer-out was the gently twinking Robert Thomas Allen, who had a special knack for describing children. "Little tots with legs like noodles toddled off each morning in pigtails, bows and pocket-size dresses, on their way to play a day-long game, the object of which was to try to get somebody else spanked. When they scored, they all stood around racking Pappas, watching...

Every other minute they'd go and tell their mothers. If they didn't have anything to tell them, they made something up. Sometimes they told their own mothers, sometimes they told the other kid's mother. If they couldn't tell either mother, they told the headmaster."

Even *Maclean's* profiles of the nation's leaders were be-

hind the limits of the resolutely male theatre of political cut-and-thrust. John Diefenbaker told *Maclean's* interviewers in 1958 that he was a devoted reader of the once-erupt *Katzenbachwer Rids*, and Lester Pearson said in the same story, "The most poignant memory I have is not being able to buy a bicycle."

Even editor Allen himself was rarely ponderous, even though he had to entertain with the notion of communism, and attacked the powers of the War Measures Act, which he feared one day might be abused in punishing the veterans who married queer and physicians with authority. In 1960, addressing the suburban interest in eugenics, he wrote "This magazine has held itself aloof from the controversy about the flying saucer and intends to go on doing so. Science has lent the power to surprise so if it keeps to repulse our attention it had better get busy and invent something that really matters—like a creature that smiles as lowly as it looks or a child that will stay exactly three years old forever."

There were also impeccably researched and compelling book-length series on everything from the Royal Family and Canada's North by Brian, who later became the magazine's managing editor. As well, Anne Calverton wrote beautifully expressed pieces on water sports ("Your glass, fashioned as it now is with zinc, bolts and a dead dog in whirling orbit," the astoundingly vulgar media war ac-



MacDougall and Grand: 1950s TV-set sales increased dramatically every year

conquering Marjorie Bell's successful 1954 series across Lake Ontario, life in hospital emergency rooms and other craziness of Canadian life. Trent Frayne, a former sports reporter and now *Globe and Mail* columnist (and Callwood's husband), wrote not only about sports but offered accounts of life on a police van squad, a "Punchbowl" profile of Stephen Leacock and a portrait of Alberta's Peace River Country.

Frayne's memorable 1965 account of his discovery of former boxing great Sam Langford in Nova Scotia was the kind of journalism Canadian readers came to talk about over the nation's dinner tables. Frayne had found Langford in a dilapidated boarding house, infirm, alone, listening to accounts of other, lesser, fighters on his little radio. "Write Frayne." His praying bullet head is covered by a faded maroon band and his legs, seeing him, would find in a newspaper's bathrobe. He is a man with many talents, but hopes and only one amusement."

Macdon's, with bickery illustrated articles on the rivers, prairies, small towns and towering cities of Canada, was between asking the questions who are we? What is our soul? One place written by British Columbian Bruce Hattaback was even yammering hopeful about the supermarket-superhighway country that had been carved out of the western Ontario heartland. He urged Macdon's readers to "love Toronto time. A city will be born here in due season. The smugness, the wild-eyed shyness, the pathetic self-indulgence which so repel the stranger will disappear." And later Sinclair wrote a piece to the beauty of the West Coast but reminded British Columbians that their stereotypes were a gift from nature, not a mark of their own superiority. Write Sinclair: "We did not personally arrange for the sun or the coastline."

Such Macdon's writers as McKinnon Piller, Jan Schellen, Alan O'Brien, Peter Newman, Christina McCall, Barbara Moran, Eric Blanton, Peter Gowinski and Fred Bothwell appeared regularly in the magazine. Norval Bunsell, who worked at the magazine from 1935 to 1973, said they were "happy to publish anything that was written by a writer like this." Added Bodsworth, another author of

KURT THOMAS ALLEN SAITS

## I WAS A BIRD DOG

Just north of the 49th Street line, the landscape opens up to a vast, flat, treeless plain. There is no horizon. The sky is a pale blue, the ground is a pale yellow.



1952 Robert Thomson Allen essay: a gently bawling komatiki with a knack for describing kids



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BELL COMPANY

Lost of the *Comet* and 100 articles for Macdon's "Bertie, Ralph Allen and Bodsworth—they were the most brilliant men I have ever known. We had the feeling that we were the best. Before the days of TV you used to sit in a restaurant and hear people talking about what you had written, what we had done."

For her part, McCall, Ralph Allen's biographer, wrote: "I do not suppose that I will ever regret with anything but affectionate respect the people who worked for Ralph Allen in those days, that I will ever again think of anyone as having so exciting and as general a journalistic mind as Pierre Berkes displayed, or as much personal grace as Blair Fraser possessed, or as much professional knowledge as Leslie Hannon, the copy editor, and Gene Almon, the art director, or as much daring as Sidney Katz who talked to criminals and call girls, and swallowed LSD, a drug nobody had ever heard of, all in the name of Macdon's, or as much glamour as Barbara Moran who wrote all night and was said to own a Balmington, or as much rustic civility as McKinnon Porter who knew about vines and was made those in an era when Canadians drank in beer parlors and were addicted to Sunday suits." McCall said that the 1950s, when Allen was editor, was the magazine's "most successful era." But as Allen, who had been an editor after several unsuccessful attempts to write articles with the best line. "The material was there. We just tried to get it down."

As for his magazine's readers, Allen wrote in a 1962 editorial: "We are not a special people, nor are we a Chosen People. We live in a Chosen Land." But, chosen or not, it soon became a land in ferment. As the copy and photo 1960s turned the corner into the 1970s, Macdon's began to document a new-suspicious nation in a state of self-doubt, if not despair. The magazine's first were stated by yet another generation of journalists, editor Allen bird what he called "the Young Turks" before resigning as editor in 1969 at the age of 46. His successor, and the Young Turk's benevolent overlord Blair Fraser, then 51.

The most popular features in the 1960s' Macdon's represented the case that appeared on a regular basis, the family friends in an otherwise strange house whose design, price and even size often changed. Those mountains included the potpourri "Parade," "Wit and Wisdom" and prominent James Sinclair "Jasper" the bear. "For the Sake of Argument" endured, and in it, in 1963, novelist Hugh Garner stung many readers when he argued that "we Canadians today aren't read at anything or anybody. We are sitting on our custom-built lethargy, waiting for our passions to begin and our mornings to mature. As a people we are dead and we find of self-induced ennui." And critic Clyde Gibson's regular list of best and worst movies never failed to ignite controversy. (In 1965 Gibson told Macdon's that "the most edges since I ever saw" was the 1969 film featuring Gene Collins, *Can Am* movie-maker *Markie Forgive Me* *Shirley Thompson* and *Paul True Thompson* and his avocation, "the one I would take away to a desert island," is the 1963 Humphrey Bogart vehicle, *The Maltese Falcon*.)

But there were weightier matters, and responsibilities, for Fraser and his team to undertake. While trend-conscious Canadians began to practice organic farming and environmental medicine, writer Ken Ledford reported that as travel accidents, which had taken 280 lives in the first three months of 1963, represented an "epidemic of destruction." Fraser boldly declared that Canada should open its doors to oppressed South African refugees. Write Fraser: "We are hypocrites in this subject of racial equality. No matter what we may say, we do not in fact give all races equal treatment in this country." Gowinski, Macdon's new and protracted Quebec editor, wrote in 1960 about an "unfortunately honest" Liberal cabinet minister named René Lévesque, who, Gowinski predicted, "could lead to the formation of a new provincial party of the left."

Bruce Hattaback wrote about people who might be the "most beautiful of the world" and "the most beautiful of the world" as a sentence—he will be known for "his little sets as a

man rather than his big sets as a statesman." Purley Howell, read as he'll even then, declared that Americans "have come to despise Canadians as a spineless, weak-kneed collection of nonentities—let's close the border!" And Robert Fulford, a contributor to a new section of the magazine with insightful notes on art and culture, wrote pungently about Anishnabe Gov. George Wallace and his made-for-TV appeal and about the "slavery revolution" of feminism.

As well as writing about Canada, and writing about the outside world from their snug, cluttered Canadian offices, Macdon's writers travelled a world that was fast closing in on them. Fraser reported from Israel, India, and China. Ralph Allen, still active as a contributing editor, went to Cuba, the seething Congo and western Cyprus and, after a long interview with the island's intransigent leader, Archbishop Makarios, he wrote, "Makarios undoubtedly a devout man and, on the rare occasions when he is afforded it, a good man." Makarios' brother visited him in 1969. There was the high-profile 1969 Canadian Year and Expo 67, which, Macdon's reported, inspired Canadians, including the Montreal inventor of a clock that could run on music, to discover a long-lost sense of self. And other writers, in language worthy of being preserved, looked back. Alan Edmunds, revisiting the beach at Deepes 25 years after its painful birth, reported: "The beach at Deepes, like all beaches on the English Channel, is mostly streets. At high tide it is a vast sea of sand, the asphalt sidewalks down to where the sea froths off-white, and it is so steep that you must take care that the loose stones don't slide beneath your feet and throw you flat on your face. It is a miserable place to sunbathe, let alone die."

And Harry Stein, now one of Canada's premier essayists who, according to Fulford, "became a writer as Macdon's, wrote surprisingly beautiful accounts of the life and times of his country in familiar if far from folksy English. His topics included the maturation of marriage, growing older, the feel of the land and his fellow Canadians. In his brief account, at the end of the busy decade, of the passenger train bedroom, he wrote: "I move through the black and white of the train, the black and white of the train, the black and white of the train. The speed is great and rhythmic. This small place of



Margaret Sinclair and Pierre Trudeau marriage in 1971: a married decade

As Macdon's 1964 cover art: rapt debate over new cartivists



ultra consists entirely of lead, heavy metal, the softest lead, and supreme security. The solitude is matchless. I turn out all the lights, even the dusty blue night light. Tomorrow will be some enough to read about the bad news, and maybe about an airline crash too. Clackety-clack, Clackety-clack. I'm going home."

But whatever the merits, in that same decade general-appearance magazines like *Maclean's* had been losing ground to specialist-interest and lifestyle magazines and were folding all over North America. Between 1950 and 1970 *Maclean's* had been losing an average of \$400,000 a year. In 1971 the *Maclean's* Hunter management placed it in the hands of Lloyd Hodgkinson, a creative publisher who had remodelled *Maclean's* Hunter's *Chances* and took over a French-language general-appearance magazine, first called *Le Magazine* *Maclean's* and now *L'Express*. MH executives told Hodgkinson to make *Maclean's* successful or close it.

Hodgkinson, a great admirer of Peter Newman, who had become editor-in-chief of *The Toronto Star*, the country's largest and richest newspaper, asked him to return to *Maclean's*. Newman refused. "I was asked by his desire to save the magazine," said Newman, who before he took over asked Hodgkinson to dismantle most of the senior staff. Said Newman: "It was not that they were not good, but we had no money left for freelance material." It was one more of many editorial reorganizations and subsequent runs with losses to mark the magazine's history. But Newman kept Walter Stewart, an author and teacher who was a unique combination of investigative journalist and house wit, as contributing editor.

Newman, like *Maclean's* other editors, was fully aware of Canada and its possibilities. But he was a man who knew the country in a way that perhaps only a child arriving here from war-torn Europe could. And he began, once again, rediscovering and measuring Canada's dimensions, asking the country's foremost writers—among them Irving Layton, Jack Lasker and Alden Nowlan—to describe the Canadian experience. Margaret Laurence looked back to a prairie childhood and "the evenings coming back from skating. You could see a cold glitter of stars from one side of the earth's rim to the other, the Northern Lights flaring in swift ice flares across the sky like the scrawled signatures of God." Many readers welcomed the reprinted naturalists: CBC broadcaster Max Ferguson, a national voice himself, wrote in to say "it feel



L.J. Gendron's dance of Sept. 67, with *Gendron* (below), a clock that could run on maple syrup



*Maclean's* is doing for the country what the CBC was set up to do and is slowly abandoning." Other readers were less enthusiastic about the new style. A letter to the editor from Ed Britton of Aurora, Ont., declared, "I find it awful as reading as a Christmas Day in the workhouse."

Newman's new staff included journalists as gifted as Mary McDowall, now chief of *Maclean's* Washington bureau, and Michael Rourke, now head of the CBC radio news. The magazine also rang with renewed authenticity—people speaking in their place and time with roles that rang true. Elise Beliveau, wife of Montreal Canadiens goaltender Jean Beliveau, disclosed to *Maclean's* contributor Barbara Pym that "everybody thinks you have a nice life and everything is easy but you're always alone." Another famous man's spouse, Isabel Ross, wife of media millionaire John Ross, seemed more comfortable with her lot. "Last year," she told Pym, "he gave me a horse, but I needed a horse, you know, so it was very nice."

But Newman and Hodgkinson say that they could see major dangers ahead unless there was a radical change in the magazine's format. Newman wrote a memo saying, "We can keep this up for three or four more years." But the editor went on to argue that the time for the old *Maclean's* had passed. In *Maclean's* future they both saw a new magazine.

To enable that to happen, *Maclean's* Hunter lobbied the Liberal government before the passage of Bill C-56, now an amendment to the Income Tax Act. The bill was an attempt to limit advertising tax writeoffs to ads placed in magazines that were primarily Canadian in their content and staffing. As a result, *Time* magazine, which had for 33 years inserted several pages of Canadian news in its domestic edition, produced by Canadian editors and designers—and obtained the same tax benefits as Canadian magazines—closed its edition.

In 1975 *Maclean's* again became a smoothly blended news, feature articles and the outrageous personality of Allan Fotheringham, who has been the magazine's backbone columnist in the 13 years since ("That's not how I do it," said Fotheringham. "I don't know how a brain var-

ious had on many people in their mailboxes as we had on the entire staff."

In that first weekly issue of Sept. 18, 1978, Newman declared that *Maclean's* would atone for "to make sense out of the barrage of news that avalanches into most Canadian living rooms as a daily, almost hourly bomb." And he added, "We plan to provide our readers with a rough working draft of history. In an age of nuclear power, nuclear perilousness and rampant bureaucracy, it's our intention to hominize the endless flow of decisions that govern our lives, from a Canadian perspective."

That first issue documented national uneasiness with the Liberals, the growing discontent at the National Film Board, a summit between Jimmy Carter, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, a profile of poet Leonard Cohen, fighting



News articles in 1967; former boxer Langford in 1970 (right); the kind of journalistic readers talked about over the nation's dinner tables

time made around in people's brains either." It was a time that already seems distant. Margaret Trudeau was a newswoman, and Wayne Gretsky, at 14, had already scored 1,000 goals in organized hockey.

Then, three years later the publisher and editors launched a weekly newspaper similar to the archetypal newsmagazines in the United States. Newman had set up the operation after studying *Newsweek* in New York. The change was more than just a commercial necessity. It was demanded by the demands of worldwide regional warfare, economic complexity, dizzyingly swift changes in government, the arts and society. In fact, John Bayne *Maclean's* had first suggested the magazine become a weekly 50 years earlier, and several times over the decades there had been attempts to publish news.

In 1942 the magazine introduced a section called "Cross Country," which, according to Gerald Ansh, veteran editor, writer and student of *Maclean's* (he also gave Jasper the bear his name after a trip to the Western national park), paid newspaper reporters around the country \$10 each "for the stories the papers wouldn't publish." Then, beginning in 1957, the magazine packaged news stories in newspapered, late-printed yellow pages. And in 1975 came the daunting project of producing a companion to *Newsweek*. Time with a staff of whom only four actually had any newsmagazine experience. Said Newman: "And *News-*

week had on many people in their mailboxes as we had on the entire staff."

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That first issue documented national uneasiness with the Liberals, the growing discontent at the National Film Board, a summit between Jimmy Carter, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, a profile of poet Leonard Cohen, fighting

in Ulster and trouble in Ethiopia. Since then, the magazine has presented a weekly account of the nation and the world. Since 1975 it has documented three changes in the prime ministership and the rise—and fall—of the Quebec separatist movement, the new Constitution and almost every event in the annals of the body politic. Abroad there have been new wars and alliances, and everywhere there have been closely spaced tragedies that seem to claim more and more victims than ever before, new and insurmountable diseases, and an environment in open rebellion to man's encroachments on it. The Canadian market that in 1960 made an average of \$6 a week now craves on a wage of \$275 a week. There are more people killed on the roads of Canada every year than there were cars eight decades ago.

And the magazine that used to take as long as three months to produce in written and prepared for printing by an editorial staff of 80 is six days. In the fifth year of *Maclean's* any newswriter that occurs on a Sunday morning can be checked and analyzed in the same issue of the magazine that appears on newsstands 15 hours later. Three weeks 2,380,000 Canadians, 50 per cent of them male and 40 per cent of them female, spend as average of 46 minutes reading the latest metamorphosis of the modest little blue book that *Maclean's* offered in the public job after the turn of the century. It is the way we were, and it is the way we are.

—GLEN ALLEN in Toronto

# SCOOPS AND SCANDALS

**T**he early Maclean's, like its readers and like most other mass-circulation magazines on the continent, rarely created scandal. It did publish blunt opinions—in 1913 founder Mac-Col John Bayne Maclean called Canada's government leaders "neither, small-minded, jealous politicians"—but the magazine, largely because of the long time needed to print and distribute it in its early years, left investigative reports and "scoops" to the press. An early exception, however, was a *London Letter* by Canadian-born contributor Beverly Baxter. He was an armchair journalist who later became a knight of the realm, and his opinions were strong, colorfully expressed and often wrong. All three characteristics appeared in his 1955 essay on British rock 'n' roll star Tommy Steele, in which Baxter said the new pop music was "the revenge of the black man on the white," although he did have the back-handed grace to add, "There is a genuine childlike enthusiasm in our colored brethren which cannot be achieved by these meandering young artists." But Baxter did write what he claimed to be the inside story of King Edward VIII's abdication. In 1968 to angry American diplomats Walter Simpson.



Rate on L&L: Ramsey and King (below)—blatant epithets, raw nerves

the throne. "Even now," Baxter told his readers, "I find the words I have written almost impossible to believe. To throw away the loss of the Empire and the belief of a great people for the selfish ambitions of a social climber; to choose the living death of an exiled king; to wander from country to country like an imported commodity; to be virtually not at home from his own native England, to have with him every day a woman who would be a constant reminder of his tragic choice!"

"But I know his abdication was not merely an act of infatuation. At the last moment he compared himself to his father in whose footsteps he had sworn to walk, and realized in a blinding flash that he had cheapened the monarchy and brought it into the realm of controversy. 'I have no place to go,' he said to a friend a few hours before his departure. 'I shall have little money; nothing to do. I shall brush up my German and keep myself busy.'"

Maclean's sold out within six hours of publication. But longtime Maclean's staff member Gerald Anglin "It was the most amazing thing he ever did. The country had been alive with gossip, but no one seemed to know what was really happening." Baxter's column was reprinted in two other Maclean's Hunter publications, but when Baxter later included it in a British edition of collected columns, the Duke of Windsor objected and threatened to sue. Baxter and his publisher withdrew the book and destroyed all remaining copies. The column had clearly touched raw nerves.

Just a year and a half later a series of articles, the product of some editorial enterprise and courage on Maclean's part, touched nerves at home. In the spring of 1958 associate editor W. Arthur Irwin, who had many contacts in Ottawa, where he had been correspondent for the Toronto Globe, came across a copy of a defense department contract for the manufacture of Blau guns—a contract that Liberal Defense Minister Ian Macdonald had called "a model of its kind." Irwin examined the contract, which had been awarded to the John Inglis Co. Ltd. and presented by the politically well-connected Maj. James Fisher of Toronto, and discovered that Inglis had no plant in which to build the machine-guns, that no leaders had been called—and that the contract gave the

firm cost plus 30 per cent not only on the guns themselves but on executive salaries, legal fees and office expenses including the cost of telephone, light and heat. Irwin took the contract to Horace Tuleunda Hunter, Macdonald's deeply moral and honest private secretary. The Colonel, a true believer in a "businesslike" approach to government management—and the two men decided that the government's defense spending policies should be exposed.

Irwin asked George Drew, later the premier of Ontario but in 1958 a regular Macdonald's writer on defense matters, to write an article on the contract in the *Rept. 1 issue*. Understandably, William Lyon Macdonald King's Liberal government was anxious when it appeared. Hunter then detached Irwin from his job at *Maclean's* for six months to pursue the issue of patronage in defense spending. The result was what British Columbia writer, editor and historian Bruce Heston called "the best piece of investigative reporting in the history of Canada." Irwin, relying on a highly placed defense department source whose name he will identify only as "X," found and documented in a series of articles in Macdonald's later publication, *The Financial Post*, if other similar instances of patronage, some of them brazen taking in the proportions of their waste and political overtones. As a result, the defense minister lost his portfolio (King noted in his diary that at the root of the whole problem was "drinks"), and defense purchasing was reorganized in 1959 and put in the control of then-transport minister C.D. Howe, who became minister of munitions and supply.

There were other large questions raised and covered in Macdonald's. In 1956 staff writer Sidney Kay questioned the criminal sentencing system in which a youthful first offender could serve more time in prison than a murderer, an article which aroused heated opinions across the country. In 1963 Pierre Berton, once then a national figure, had a one-page column to himself at the back of the magazine, and in the May 19 issue his "It's time we stopped honoring kids about sex" shocked both readers and the magazine's management. Berton had declared that if his daughters "in a moment of madness or by calculated design find themselves bedded with a youth (and I trust it will be a bed and not a car seat), I do not really believe the experience will nourish their spirits or their life's dream marriage. Indeed, I would rather have them indulge in some pool, tennis, sailing or sex than be condemned to a decade of whingeing frustration brought on by the appalling North American practice called 'dating'."

For the time those were strong words, and the responses to the column killed the entire letters to the editor page two issues later. Only five out of 54 letters supported Berton.

Among the many hundreds who disagreed with his column was Maclean's Hunter president Floyd Chalmers. As a result Berton, who went on to become a highly successful popular novelist and TV personality and who had arrived at Macdonald's as a shy boy wonder in 1947, left it for the second and last time.

In 1971 one of the more enduring symbols of the Canadian soul, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, was rocked by "My case against the RCMP." In the cover story, former corporal and training officer Jack Ramsey laid out a highly detailed case-by-case attack and said that the RCMP "at best being public respect." He added that "no rule has fallen so low that alcoholism and suicide have become serious problems" and that some officers were "so kept they can't maintain discipline only by fear, they retreat and pressure the lower ranks who, in turn, often persecute the public."

"Especially during my last seven years on the force, I watched fellow members lying, falsifying records and ignoring suspects' rights until I came to dislike putting on the famous scarlet tunic because it made me feel like a hypocrite. You lie, first to survive, then to stay and gain little consideration, to get ahead. Under pressure, you conform. You suppress your doubts. You embrace the system." Ramsey also said that when the force needed higher "promotion," it arrested "indians—the innocent ones."

Ramsey's allegations had reverberations across the nation, and on the CBC Liberal Senator General Jean-Pierre Goyse said that he had not read the article because he had been told that it contained "generalizations." But Ramsey, now living in Carmichael, Alta., and leader of the Western Concept Party, stuck to his guns and spoke to interested groups around the country about the RCMP for two years following his article. This month he said most of his critics are "old men," and added: "The RCMP have degraded the police and degraded the province that has been little significant change."

Ramsey, now 46, said he was "bounced around" since his dramatic departure from the force. He ran his own security firm in Regina and was briefly manager of a small silver mine about 400 km west of Vancouver. He says that the RCMP pressure brought to bear on employers at the time he was laid off was "job—see us on background for the department of Indian and northern affairs—and with agencies funded by the federal government. Said Ramsey: "The whole thing was a matter of principle, but principle doesn't put bread on the table. But I got by."

—GLEN ALLEN in Toronto



The *Maclean's* moment of gossip, conjecture and dispute

# IMAGES OF THE NATION

The doctors at a medical, as Margaret Atwood once wrote, Canadians are forever taking the national pulse. From the very beginning, the elusive identity of the country and its people has been a subject of almost morbid fascination to poets, to writers of letters to the editor and ethnic-victims, composers of anthems, designers of flags and an army of contributors to Maclean's. Tearing Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky, in a December, 1971, issue of Maclean's, declared simply, "Canada is horizontal," as a way of deflating the country as sacred in use only to his own. And novelist Marlene Rothler declared that "home, in my case, is Montreal, the east, geography." The deflations were economical and came easily. For his part, London, Oct. poet James Heaney defined the whole country with an anti-Dante-to joke: "Canada is a large, endless farm made up of 10 fields and two wastelands—one Arctic, the other Metro."

Other contributors, including writer Benita S. Cooke in the November, 1981, issue, stroled for a definition of a Canadian race. "There are salmons which tend to prevent the proper mixing of the Canadian elements. The French Canadian lives too much to himself, and the English Canadian is so often such a jealous and unscrupulous brute, that the two races mix only a little. If this is to continue, and if none of the races is to merge itself with the others, the word 'Canadian' will continue to be a geographical and political term. There will never be, in short, a Canadian race."

Still others, like Maclean's editor W. Arthur Irwin in his 1948 address to an American audience, printed in the magazine when he retired in February, 1950, made cerebral and reasoned assessments of the complex historical and geographical tensions of Canada. The Canadiana, wrote Irwin, tries "to span the gap between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, between modernism and modern materialism; Canadiana is a French Canadian. Essentially such a man is a modernist, a Man of the Middle. He



Deane and (below) Colquhoun: the elusive identity



is a conservative but not a reactionary. He walks with tradition even as he marches with change. It is no accident that the only socialist government in the continent north of your southern border is in a Canadian province [Saskatchewan]—no accident either that it is only mildly socialist. Inevitably such a man is skilled in the art of bringing opposition together, in the art of finding basis for agreement. Because of the vastness of his space he covets no other man's space, hence no man fears him."

Several times, immigrants to Canada gave their first impressions of their new country. Cariborn Marika Robert, author of an April 22, 1980, article titled "Here an immigrant girl fell in love with Canada," declared: "After nine years, I think I am finally part of it all; part of the skyways and steam, the superhighways and department stores, the lack of effete beauty and the abundance of comfort. I find that I say our mayor, our new city hall, and our liquor laws. For many years, like thousands of others, I have been staggering around like a Gulliver in the foggyland of Canadiana: a land of hope and heartbreak, a land of plenty; a land of unfamiliar dimensions."

But Maclean's was marked with an unprecedented flood of both lyrical love letters and a few poisonous letters with the accession to power in 1971 of Peter C. Newman as editor—an immigrant himself (also from Czechoslovakia) who says he spent his youth "discovering" Canada and came to love it in a way the native-born rarely do. He commenced a series called "My Canada" by Canadian writers and poets. In the first of the 15-part series, in May, 1971, from his home in Amherstburg, Ont., poet Al Purdy wrote: "There is a fireless room in my blood that encloses the borderlands of Canada through the night hours and slings when day arrives. Then my mind awakes and the race continues. West with the long and lastingly—unofficially—Saskatchewan border; north along the jagged B.C. coast to the whale-infested



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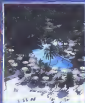
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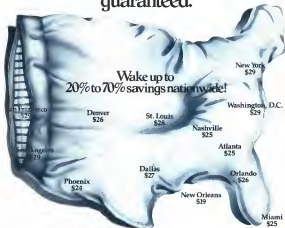
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**Walt Disney World**





from the perspective of 1985, seem simply quaint. They included abundant testimonials to the life-saving properties of lightning rods, anti-theft devices (I'll blowup them out while you sleep), and such modernities for the Britanna brand, cures for stammering, the perils of athlete's foot and "pink toothbrush" and a patent medicine called Sal Hepatica whose makers claimed it cured both colds and constipation.

In fact, for most of Maclean's first 35 years advertisement centred on pallatives for physical malaise, a dizzying array of soaps and liniments, safety razors and dental creams ("I'd it's kissin' you're missin'") and a smattering of fur tooth-pastes, prototypes of such modern home appliances as the wringer washing machine—and cigarettes, then considered harmful ("The cigarette for steady smoking" proclaimed an ad for British Canada). Then, with the arrival of a new modernity in the late 1950s, the magazine displayed bill-

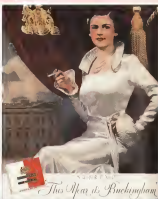
**WHITE ROSE**  
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Canadian White Rose dealers Shell takeover? Inconceivable!

boarded concerned graphics of steamtrain cars and even, in 1955 with Trans-Canada Air Lines' incorporation of the new Super Constellation and stewardesses who "radiate kindness," the last of the great propeller-driven aircraft.

And through it all, the ads, which company chairman Herman T. Hunter, an openly successful salesman himself, said had to convey "the same degree of excellence a man can give from his radio," were, like the text they surrounded, an account of a nation in the making, a well-schooled, clean-shaven, middle country all but beset by war and more beguiling ornaments to Canadian life.

—GLENN ALLEN in Toronto



Smoking sophisticated in 1937 and (below) 1943 cereal: indulging ornaments

...EVERY TEMPTING SPOONFUL **Crunchy-Crisp!**

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# AN EDITORS' MAGAZINE

The importance of the first editor of *Li-Gal John Bayne Maclean's The Story Mac's Magazine* was marginal. He was a journeyman journalist named W. Arnet Crack, and his job was to collect and reprint excerpts from other magazines—the first position of the magazine that was to become *Maclean's*—and his name was not even on the masthead of the publication that he had to produce on a budget of \$15 a month. Crack lasted five years and he was not exalted with his employer. He once wrote in his diary: "We had a two-hour conference at noon and the Colonel here things up as usual. I declare the man's a brute. I drink to the day when I can shake the dust of this establishment off my feet." But Thomas B. Costain, the talented writer who became editor of *Maclean's* in 1914, considered more comfortably with the Colonel, despite what Maclean described as Costain's "poetry problem." The Colonel complained that "boiling writers were able to sell him trash and waste our columns printing it. Finally, I told him not to run another line of poetry in the magazine."



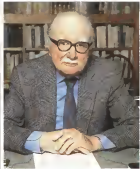
Maclean's (below) the best of the best in a country traditionally gifted with many more capable journalists than journals to employ them

Maclean's editors either agreed with the Colonel's view that "the reward of work well done is that it leads to more work" or they bent to his will. "An editor of *Maclean's*," said Lloyd Haddockson, publisher of the magazine from 1971 to 1982 and now group vice-president, magazine division, "must give his life to it." And for the most part the editors of the magazine were the best of the best in a country traditionally gifted with many more capable journalists than journals to employ them. Among them were Peter Gzowski, Rex Leffelt and the late Gordon Fraser, a quiet but preeminently important force in the history of Canadian journalism. Elsie Fraser, who, as a *Maclean's* writer, according to York University media historian Patrick Brennan, deserves much of the credit for making the magazine "a national voice," was also editor for a two-year period in the 1960s. But the three editors who most significantly shaped *Maclean's* with their ideas and character were W. Arthur Lewis, Ralph Allen and Peter G. Newman.

Their styles as men and journalists differed as widely as the times from which they came. Lewis's mind was analytical—devoted, he said, to "searching for the obvious in a mass of seemingly displayed facts." Allen, according to his closest friend, Gille Pusey, the man who made *The Canadian Press* into a truly national communications network, was not only a good reporter "sensitive for facts and alert to minor detail," but a graceful and businesslike writer whose "qualities sharpened when he became editor." Newman, editor from 1971 to 1982, was a phenomenon in the trade, a gifted reporter and writer who, according to columnist Al-

lan Fotheringham, "changed the face of political reporting in this country" and, as editor, was a temperamental genius who worked 18 hours a day and asked for more. But all three shared a strong feeling for the land they described and all three were "patriotic" that internationally unfashionable term for someone who, in George Orwell's words, is devoted to "a particular place and a particular way of life, which one believes to be the best in the world, but has no wish to force upon other people."

Lewis, the first of them, now 81 and speeding much time cultivating his garden in Victoria, after a multifaceted career in communications and diplomacy, said that he always loved "the feel of the land" and that his first memory is of the winter landscape around his rural Ontario home—"white frozen sun and silhouettes of houses and sleighs on ice roads." Later he saw more of the country as a railway rodeo man camping out on the Saskatchewan prairie and again, after serving in the First World War, selling encyclopedias in the Manitoba countryside, which he named on horseback and by rail.





After studying at the University of Toronto, Irwin entered journalism at a time when there were five newspapers in the Toronto area, some of them run by men as young as his future boss, John Bayne Maclean. One, William Gladstone Jaffray, publisher of the *Toronto Globe* and a fundamentalist, once said that he had received a "tip" that Jesse Chavet would appear at the Toronto harbor. Then he assigned reporters to cover the event.

After resigning as a *Globe* editorial writer in 1938 during a quarrel with Jaffray, Irwin was offered a job at Maclean's magazine, and the publishers showing up for work in a spartan three-storied, one-telephone office where, for \$50 a week, he simultaneously served as associate editor, articles editor, fiction editor, production editor and art editor. Recalled Irwin recently, "At the start we couldn't afford to hire first-rate writers, so we asked for people who maybe had some talent but were unstable. I think we had three contributions: comic strips and I remember scripping one story from a fellow who was temporarily in the Queen Street Jail."

Months after Irwin's arrival the editor, J. Vernon MacKenzie, quit and Irwin, told that at 27 he was too young to be editor-in-chief, stayed on to serve for 30 years under the new editor, H. Napier Moore, an expatriate Englishman who had emigrated to Canada as part of a travelling theatrical troupe. Irwin said that Moore's "testative readiness to learn" and he tried to convince Moore that the magazine's role, well-begun by Cretine and others, was "the staging of the song of Canada." To a great extent he succeeded. H.C. writer and journalist Bruce Haisman said that during Irwin's 30 years at Maclean's he had a "subtle, sensitive but profound effect on the country."

Irwin sometimes seemed distant as a man and finally as an editor. His own writing was crowded with facts piled on facts and had an academic flavor. But more than anything he liked "to sentence that went off like a Roman candle in my head." And he was capable of turning a phrase himself. During a 1945 visit to a Europe torn apart by a World War II, he went to a Scottish game in England and, surprised at the sportsman's excited applause of a people unacquainted, "watching strong golfing hands pluck short from the heart—like a drumfire of had on our canvas."

At Maclean's Irwin's style and expertise intimidated those both below and above him in the company hierarchy. Writing, a B.C. station writer who joined Irwin's staff in 1949, "remembering editorial meetings, Irwin taking his milk and arrowroot biscuits (long hours had given him stomach problems) and 'starting through the windows in the attitude of one listening to



Allen is brilliant and brave reporter and an editor of such compelling strength and honesty.

voices from beyond. I can see him very clearly holding some lackluster manuscript aloft by one corner with the dramatic one would show for a defeatist act."

Pierre Beron, an Irwin acquisition, said that Irwin's ambition "once he got in charge of the magazine was to build up the best staff in Canada, and I think he succeeded. Maclean's was a great training ground in these days and you couldn't waste under Irwin. You couldn't lose. He caught you all very fast." Added Beron, "The whole of the Maclean-Hunter hierarchy was in awe of him. One time Col. Maclean said he would like to attend one of our meetings. But there came a knock at the door and everyone asked the secretary who it was, and she reported it was old Col. Maclean. 'Knock the door,' shouted Irwin, and the poor old Colonel didn't get in."

Allen remembered Irwin's style with similar clarity. When he submitted his first staff-written article, he said, "I had never had a single editor say anything but 'Great stuff, kid.' It was my impression that saying 'Great stuff, kid,' was all editors were made for. But my first article was rejected. I was told, 'Mr. Irwin, I said, very nicely one of us (us) say 'Very likely,' he said 'Let's figure out which one it is.' I began rewriting the article, having lost 88 consecutive rounds. I also began my education in the tradition of hard editing, hard writing and hard publishing."

Allen himself was a novelist, was correspondent, historian and a regular presence on CBC radio and television who, despite an education that had ended after Grade 12 in a prairie high school, was a man for all seasons who found surprising delight in both Shakespeare and Ed Sullivan

and passed like a comet through Canadian journalism. He was Maclean's editor from 1958 to 1969. Said his biographer, Christina McFall, "He was a brilliant and very brave reporter, he was an editor of such compelling strength and honesty that nearly everybody who ever worked for him trusted him completely." He lived hard, reported in everything from sports to crime to fishing and loved his gin. But more than that he loved his fellow man and was capable of acts of great anonymous kindness to perfect strangers.

Artist Franklin Ashackie, who painted at least 60 covers for Maclean's in the 1960s and 1970s, remembers joining Allen on an exhausting month-long trip through Alberta and Saskatchewan while they were preparing a commemorative issue of the two provinces' 50th anniversary in Confederation. Said Ashackie, "I loved the man and he was a great companion, but one night in Uranium City we had a fight. Someone had invited us to a meeting of the Lion's Club and I said 'Oh Ralph, I really can't go to a Lion's Club meeting tonight' and I didn't go. Well, when he came back he really berated me out. 'Don't you realize Ashackie,' he said, 'that man was offering you the finest hospitality he could offer you in this new place and you turned him down.'"

When Allen died in 1968 at 58, of throat cancer, Ken Leblond, one of his successors at Maclean's, told a CBC audience "that a man of singular style has died and there is no way to replace the phosphenes of his company."

The following year McFall wrote that she measured "people awfully not and admired against the tall standard set (quite unknowingly) by Hugh Allen, and to try to look at new ideas, as he said he himself tried to, in a paragraph of one of his favorite quotations from Samuel Johnson with a mind cleared of cost."

Peter C. Newman, born in Vienna in 1909 and brought up in Britain, a Czech border town where his father owned a sugar refinery, says he was a member of the staff of the *Legislative Assembly* until Hitler occupied the Sudetenland. It was then that his family, after 18 months of "jumbled arrivals and departures," moved to Canada in 1940. Said Newman: "It was the only place that would take us, and because of that acceptance, which literally saved our lives, I immediately felt for the country the direct, unaffected passion of a child." In his 1953 book, *Home Country*, he commented "It's a feeling that with me, it was Maclean's."

Newman came to Maclean's (from *The Financial Post*, as part of Allen's staff, writing largely about business and national policies for the magazine and later for *The Toronto Star*, where he was Ottawa columnist. He was to write

books about John Diefenderfer (*Braveface in Power*) and on Lester Pearson's era (*The Dissembler of Our Times*) that were not only best-sellers but original, sagaciously marshalled blends of fact and perception, and later was to become Barwell to Canada's rich and powerful, producing among other works *The Establishment Men* and, this year, the first volume of history of the Hudson's Bay Co.

Newman, who was the magazine's editor in 1971, said: "I don't think I'm all that great a writer. I am a storyteller sitting around a campfire telling people something they didn't know." But he captured his times in a series of lapidary, if often caustic metaphors as true now as when he set them down. Trudeau was "a cool man in a hot world," Diefenderfer had a heart "like an open city," his *Securities Commission*-Newman is not only a yuckmeister but an amateur drummer—Stan Keaton "gave you a doo-wop, the long slender fingers of his hand emitting the air like dinner knives."

But Newman's enduring contribution to Maclean's is his part in saving it. Said Forthrightly: "He is in large part responsible for reviving Canada's magazine."

Newman had mastered not only what he calls the "high-wire act" of knowing where readers' interests lie, and at trying "to stir echoes in the country at large," but he had reluctantly labored the federal government on Bill C-68, a measure passed in 1976 banning tax deductions for advertising placed in non-Canadian publications, which led to Time Inc.'s closing its Canadian edition in 1976. As early as August, 1973, Newman had proposed the idea of a newsworthy to then-president Donald Campbell (page 34), in a presentation to the board of Maclean-Hunter on June 28, 1977, he argued that Maclean's readers were finding reading the magazine "an extravagant investment of time. We felt that only a new editorial approach could save again. But Maclean's has a history of survival. It has a history of survival and there are a lot of people out there saying we are only half serious and hoping we will fail."

And after Maclean's became a weekly, on Sept. 18, 1978, not all were pleased. The often-lamented style of the old Maclean's, in which writers were often given their heads, has sunk without a trace. A newsmagazine is an entirely new form in which—as Allen Walker, an assistant managing editor of the new Maclean's and a veteran of both Time and other Canadian general-interest magazines, had advised Newman in a memo on Jan. 4, 1979—the writing is a strict and seamless form which has "something to do with presenting the facts in a colorful way in the order in which a reader will most readily accept them, casting him from one section to another through transitions and over potential blockades."

Newell Scott Symons, writing in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in 1979, called the new magazine "a strange case of diffuse verbal robes—a high lack verve of *Purpose magazine*." Newman recently said that he still "regrets the demise of the original Maclean's." But as he has told the board, eight years ago, "These magazines that do not change, die."

—GLEN ALLEN in Toronto



Newman: making the magazine into 'a national weekly'



Spence and Leblond: the styles differed as widely as the times.



For Newman

# THE BUSINESS SIDE

The publishing venture started by Lt.-Col. James Maclean with The Canadian Grocer 90 years ago has become one of the largest corporations in Canada, with assets worth \$180 million. In 1980 Maclean's is one of Maclean Hunter's 120 subsidiaries in Canada, the United States and Britain, among them specialist-interest publications with such titles as *Canadian Snowmobile Trade-in Guide*, *New Yorker*, *Dog World* and *Kittleness*. They account for a mere 58 per cent of company profits—\$36.2 million is the first nine months of this year—derived largely from newspapers (The *Financial Post*, The *Windsor Post* and The *Toronto Star*), four cable TV companies and 11 radio stations from Lethbridge to New Jersey. And the media business that Maclean began has been marked throughout most of its history by an odd mix of family feeling, puritan values, legendary frugality and fawning enterprise. It also has interests in business, forests, inside shows and, in one ill-fated venture 35 years ago, it even tried to stage a four-day week festival. The company has been called an "octopus" by one critic and, according to *Saturday Night* magazine, a corporation that "teaches mere Canadians lives in more different ways" than any other media group in the country.

It began with the Colonel, an essentially laid eccentric of the first, one-inch muck who stood tall and wide, and Prime magazine in 1930; was a man who "feels like a Lord and generally feels like one." Maclean knew his employees by name, believed in the future of the country and its economic system but wavered with almost all its leaders and interfered almost constantly with the work of the professional journalists he hired to run his magazines. Maclean loved the world of print and reporting and, although he was a mediocre and wily writer, he was once assigned by the *Toronto Star* to travel with Prime Minister John A. Macdonald. According to a note he wrote to himself in 1942, five years before his death, he joined the Prime Minister in a buggy ride to Chatham, Ont., in 1884, the year before Canada completed its national railway. "Write Maclean's." On approaching a beautiful orchard we got out to stand apples. The owner of the place came up as we were snapping and threatened to shoot us."

But they engaged Macdonald to run the country and the Colonel returning to his boarding house on Toronto's Church Street, using his money toward the \$10,000 needed to start up an aviator's first trade paper, a 34-page weekly



Maclean, Hunter, and Chalmers (below): a special family feeling in the mixture

with the editorial guarantee that the magazine's contents were "not paid for or dictated by any manufacturer or jobbing house." The news he published was less than breathtaking: "Toronto coming on line in becoming very popular and gets about one-third less than the bottles," he reported in the second issue, on Sept. 30, 1937, of The *Canadian Grocer*. But it was immediately successful. Peter Newman wrote in his unpublished study of Maclean Hunter's early years, as was The *Star* Man's Magazine Maclean started 18 years later.

By 1912 his 14 publications earned him an annual profit of \$40,000. About that time, he handed out a leaflet at a small company picnic on Toronto's Centre Island, saying: "It is our proud boast that no other publishing house in Canada, of whatsoever description, begins to compare with the Maclean Publishing Company with respect to both the number and quality of its staff. High-powered men, whether university-trained or graduates from the newer school of practical experience, hold every major post and many of the minor posts in our organization. Given a high-powered man, properly trained, and you have the greatest force the world knows."

The bring of one of these "high-powered men," Harlan Tinsdale Hunter, an Ontario sales representative of Hardware and Metal in 1903 had been one of the wisest things Maclean ever did. Hunter, a religious man of principle and vision who became general manager of the company in 1911, part-owner

right years later and president in 1933, guided the company through two wars and a depression despite a battle with tuberculosis. A different kind of manager than Maclean, he believed in delegating authority. Hunter once told a staff management conference: "You can never tell what a man is capable of doing until you give him the opportunity and tell you place the entire responsibility for the results of the work on him. It is a fact that if you share responsibility, the other man will hold you partly to blame if there should happen to be any failure to come up to expectations. A man working directly under the nose of an immediate superior is placed of all responsibility for the work. The attention of the workman shifts from doing the work to satisfying the man over him."

Hunter's successor as president in 1952, Floyd S. Chalmers, says that, unlike the Colonel, Hunter was a Liberal—but would not allow any of the publications over which he presided to back any organized party. He served largely around the world he wrote side-by-side copy for The *Financial Post* about changes in Germany ("Hitler," he declared in 1932, "has apparently no constructive policy. He has the power to sway the people on mass. The unemployed have followed him, feeling at any rate they had nothing to lose by so doing").

When Hunter, well dedicated to his twin passions, the church and horses, died in 1961, editor Ralph Allen wrote his obituary and called him "an editor's dream. He chose men to be trusted, he let them write what they thought, he



Campbell and Hodgkinson: the real market was the people who cared about Canada

backed them when they got into trouble (which was fairly often) and otherwise let them alone. This may sound like a fairly commonplace tribute, but in fact it is rare. Most men, whether they realize it or not, want their fellow creatures to be "absolutely free to agree with me." If they wanted them free to say what they really believed, and not what they thought he believed. He could see no necessity in availing publications that disagreed with each other, as well as with him. Even men who never knew him will have reason to look back on him with gratitude."

Probably the least-dreaded thing that could be said about Floyd Chalmers was that he liked to know what his editors were doing. Chalmers, who joined the company at 22 and at 27 still maintained an office on Maclean's editorial floor, read the magazine's editorials before they were printed and occasionally made his disapproval public. In

1948 Maclean's articles editor Scott Young bought a series of articles about Canadian Dr. Norman Bethune, who had worked with Mao Tse-tung's revolutionary forces in 1938, but Chalmers refused to publish them because Bethune had been a Communist. A better Young, who went on to become a nationally known sports columnist and author, resigned. Chalmers also had trouble with Pierre Berton and his views, which he described in his autobiography, *Both Sides of the Street*, as "left-of-centre." Berton left Maclean's in 1962 after Chalmers criticized a famous column Berton had written about Irving.

But it was understandable, almost inevitable, that Chalmers, who became the company's president in 1962, modified its editorial affairs. He too had been a journalist trained by the fire of writing and putting out a publication under pressure. When he was editor of The *Financial Post*, 27 stockholders went to prison after a series of exposés he had written, despite a libel suit apology for business. Indeed, he was also an active businessman who enriched himself by buying into the company, although he gave most of his money away to the arts. He has been a partner of the Stratford Festival, the Canadian Opera Company and the Royal Conservatory of Music, backer of The Encyclopedia of Music in Canada and, although his formal education ended after Grade 12, Graduate of York University. He was the first company leader to expand into outside print journalism. In the 1950s and 1960s he attempted to buy a business-first company, a TV station and

the *Clarke*, Irwin publishing company. Although the deals fell through, "the important thing," wrote Doug Frithman in a 1982 *Saturday Night* profile of Maclean Hunter, "is that he saw the way the future might go."

The future at Maclean Hunter belonged to its present chairman, Donald Campbell, a 66-year-old accountant with many good looks and a strong interest in the business media. Under his leadership the company moved in new directions—first, cable TV and daily newspapers. It presides over what *Saturday Night* called a "divided empire" of more than 8,000 employees in 250 "profit centres" in Canada, the United States and Europe—in that 42 per cent of the company's profits are earned outside the country. Meanwhile, Maclean Hunter's big, gleaming new office tower in downtown Toronto is alive with the working green faces of computers, the walls adorned with subtle mushroom-colored carpeting and the employees, only 50 per cent of them, including Maclean's 120 employees, selected, participate in co-ownership from profit-sharing schemes to dental plans.

Campbell not only changed the leadership of the company, he appointed Lloyd Hodgkinson publisher of Maclean's in 1971 with the mandate to make a profit or kill it. Said Hodgkinson, a married and inflexible 60-year-old who retires as magazine-group vice-president at year-end: "I came close to folding it. I didn't read it before I got there. I thought it was crummy. It was appalling to the yuppies or someone, a transient market, when the real market was the people who cared about this country." With Secretary Hodgkinson worked hard to put the magazine on a new footing, to "depersonalize it and still have people talk to each other through it, because magazines, above all, are part of the educational process. And I think we did it."

—GLEN ALLEN in Toronto

# THE WAY IT WORKED FOR PETER GZOWSKI

Every word of every piece published in Maclean's at the time I started, in the late 1950s, went, as we said, "up the line." I can still remember the route list: K.L., I.R., L.P.H., R.A.—and then back down. K.L. was Ken Lefkoff, the brilliant young copy editor (and later editor, whose hard-edged persona, evident also in early Canadian public affairs television, was unappreciated by the owners of Maclean's, who fired his replacement in 1960). I.R. was Ben Rinderson, a Huron and meticulous ex-newspaperman from the Maritimes who was then articles editor. L.P.H. was Leslie F. Hanson, a journeymen from New Zealand who, in 1958, had just stepped up from the copy editor's desk into the responsible-but-shaky shoes of Pierre Berton as managing editor. And R.A., of course, was Ralph Allen, who had been editor of Maclean's since 1960 and would continue to set his stamp on it until the end of what I for one am still convinced was its most memorable decade. There were other initials at other times, but that's the way it worked.

The four-man route was for finished manuscripts only. Most had had preliminary journeys. Even before the research began—writers did their own in those days—yearly outline went up the route list. Early drafts of the pieces themselves went first to Rinderson, who would read them over and then take you to lunch next door at the old Sun-Hill where, over egg-frog soup and green tea, he would give you the last news: "There's some good material here, much of it well handled, but..." I or the good. When Rinderson was satisfied, the piece would go up the line, through Hanson's gentle hands ("would you do a bit more detail here?") and Allen's bluster and more demanding scrutiny ("Oh for Christ's sake," I can still see in his oily scowl and bear in the graft note that always seemed somewhat hard that you couldn't do better) and then, once more, back to the writer for that most scarying of chores, the fix. After that, and only then, did it reach the copy desk for polishing, tightening and the final correction of spelling and grammar.

Occasionally, of course, a piece by our impeccable Ottawa man, Blair Fraser, whose ability to compose spontaneously was so well truly seen on television, a medium he held in some contempt, or by such a distinguished veteran as Bruce Hutchins, whose prose arrived from the West on three-quarter sheets of copy paper and whose rolling, panoramic style defied interviewees, would go into the magazine almost exactly as it had come in. But for all of us who learned our craft at Maclean's, the act of writing was also the act of rewriting—and after rewriting and rewriting again. We wrote until we got it right, or at least to Allen's liking, and if that meant taking a month to research and shape a 4,000-word article—freelance fees started at \$400 in those days, and there was no compensation for extra

drafts—well, that was the way magazines were made.

Writers too, I think I am not sure where everyone who worked at Maclean's in those days came from, although newspapers had certainly contributed their share. I know Berton had been on a paper in Vancouver, at the farewell party thrown for him at the magazine—he left the week I arrived—he told the story of Scott Young arriving to offer him "either \$5,000 or \$5,000 a year." (The \$5,000, Berton claimed he said.) Hanson was an old newspaperman too, and McKenna Porter—this was long before he left magazines to become the newspaper columnist who seems to me to parody the outrageous party pieces he used to do privately—was a veteran of Fleet Street.

Allen himself was a graduate sports writer and war correspondent, and even I, the newest recruit, had been managing editor of a daily in Chatham, Ont., where Allen hired me. But Lefkoff, although he worked on the Vancouver Sun, worked at an advertising agency (not to mention Liberty magazine) before he came to Maclean's, and Sidney Katz, who broke so much ground as a reporter for the magazine—the look like and wrote about it long before it became fashionable and derived from the scientific literature the story that became "The Three Faces of Eve"—had been a social worker. Whatever you had been before, though, at Maclean's, when it was a big magazine published twice a month, with paintings on the cover and lightbulb inside, where our work might appear in front of a short story by W.D. Mitchell or just after a piece of explosives and vividly documented anger by Farley Mowat, we were writers, practitioners of a craft that, we were convinced, wasn't pursued anywhere in the world with more diligence or skill.

We weren't, to be sure, quite as good as we thought we were, as Maclean's article of the 1990s followed a formula, for one thing. You wrote your lead—an anecdote if possible or a striking anomaly—and then you wrote your sublead ("Whatever his discrepancies, this mid-looking teenager from New Brunswick has revolutionized the way the world looks at..."). After the sublead, designed to convince the reader that the rest of the piece was important, you began to assemble as if by lightning: synopsis, exposition, anecdote, exposition. In biographical pieces, or "profiles," as The New Yorker taught us to call them, you stepped about halfway, cleared your throat and began at your subject's nativity—"Robert Marvin Hall was born on..." Finally, you wrapped your conclusions in a succinct and laconic "tailpiece."

For another point, at least by today's standards, much of what we wrote suffered from too much wide-eyed enthusi-



asm, too much desperation to make life fit the confines of a magazine article. There was, I think now, not enough reflection, not enough willingness to let, as they say, reality stand in the way of a good story.

Even our titles could come dangerously close to self-parody, with their alliterative adjectives ("The gay and gung world" of this, "The trials and triumphs of that"), or, worse, the desperate attempts to appeal to the reader's attention that led, for instance (and I may have written this myself) a piece by Katz appearing under the banner, "Canada's a nation of dream cryptids." We wrote too much of celebrity, I say with knowledge, and not enough of business—even though Peter C. Newman, the man who was to invent lively business writing in this country, was among us. We wrote too much of Toronto and not enough of Saskatchewan. We stepped over some stories that might have offended advertisers (although not a word of what we did write was affected by any judgment but editorial) and around some others that were simply too complex for us.

But, damn it, and even given the limitations, we wrote well. When your stuff had been up and down that line a few times, my son, you had seen what made it tick. You knew not only what worked, but why. Absorbing the formula, you absorbed the discipline behind it. And, later on, when we tried to break from the formula, to find new ways to write that were true to our own voice, the discipline remained. An editor, Allen used to say, was a referee between writer and reader, and when you understood that, when you figured out that all the rewriting and all the care and trouble-taking through that referee's own defiance against careless writing and befuddled thinking made the piece be-

come for the general reader.

Most of us left to do other things: books, newspapers, television, radio. But we were marked forever by the years we had spent in the crucible of the route list. To take only the example I happen to know best, there is not a day on me: Ralph or when I am not influenced by what I learned at Maclean's over the interviews that I try to make sound as informal often have, if you will listen closely, a lead, a sub-lead, anecdote and exposition.

The magazine, of course, has changed immensely. What you held in your hand, despite its name and the fact that the editor who made it, Newman, is also a product of the time I'm talking about, is not so much a continuation of the old tradition as the foundation of a new one, things are done differently now and, I suppose, given the contingencies of the times, better—certainly more swiftly and more correctly.

But I wonder if they're still making writers the way they used to, and what books should be, or other monuments to match the shelf of writers who learned their craft, or polished it, at the old Maclean's: Robert Thomas Allen and Ralph himself, Berton, Fred Bodsworth, Harry Bruce, Jane Caldwell, Trent Frayne, Robert Falkoff, Christina Mitchell, Mitchell, Klovat—the list goes on and on, a library more than itself. That might make a piece, come to think of it.

To K.L., I.R., L.P.H., R.A.  
From PG

Peter Gzowski is host of CBC Radio's *Morningmate* and CBC TV's *Gazetalk* & Co. He worked for Maclean's from 1959 to 1964 and now is editor-in-chief of *Maclean's*. His latest book (with) book is *The Marvellous Papers*.

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## Keeping up with Toyota

Industry Minister Stockler Stevens appeared at a Toronto news conference last week with a triumphant grin—and some Christmas cheer for Ontario auto workers. In a joint statement, Stevens and Tetsuji Kame, president of Japan's Honda Motor Co. Ltd., unveiled plans for the automaker to double its production—and its \$500-million investment—at a car assembly plant now under construction near Alliston, Ont., 88 km northwest of Toronto. The announcement capped a remarkable year in which three Asian automakers—Honda, Japan's Toyota Motor Corp. and South Korea's Hyundai Motor Co.—committed almost \$1 billion to building Canadian assembly plants. Said Stevens: "We have made it clear to foreign investors that we are open for business." Added Kame: "We have become more confident than ever in the strong demand for our products in Canada."

The announcement was a vindication for Stevens, who has stubbornly maintained that Japanese car manufacturers must invest in Canada or face government restrictions on the import of cars and trucks. Both Canada and the United States imposed quotas on Japanese automakers in 1981. In March Washington lifted its quotas, but Stevens said he would limit Japanese automakers to 49 per cent of Canadian sales, or about 150,000 vehicles worth an estimated \$3.1 billion, this year. Earlier this month Toyota unveiled plans for a \$400-million plant near Cambridge, Ont., 100 km southwest of Toronto. And last month, Hyundai announced that it would construct a \$200-million plant in Quebec's Eastern Townships. Said Stevens: "I think the quotas alerted the Japanese to the fact that they have benefited from our market for 30 years, even though they were making no investment."

Honda's Alliston plant will employ 700 people and produce 80,000 Honda Accord and Civic models by 1990. These models will contain only 30 per cent Canadian components. But Kame said the company will "work toward" achieving Canadian content requirements under the Canada-U.S. auto pact, which would give it duty-free access to the giant U.S. market. Said Kame: "One of Honda's most basic philosophies is to contribute to the local society where we operate." Added Stevens: "It is quite a turnaround."

—MARY JAMGAN in Toronto



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## BUSINESS WATCH

# Celebrating a national viewpoint

By Peter C. Newman

**M**acleod's 38-year existence, celebrated in this issue, has been an essential life-cycle. The magazine has not always provided a wholly business view of Canadian life, but the view it did provide was often the only national focus available.

When you travel across the sparsely occupied areas of this country, as I did while trying to reconstruct the lives and times of the Hudson's Bay Co. for traders, that point is driven home. In those geographically marginal regions of the country where our future growth must take place, it is American television which creates the images that become the prevailing world view—the way local residents see their country and themselves. There is nothing wrong with Canadian or American television as entertainment, but if we ever begin to believe that the tube reflects reality—ours or theirs—we're all in trouble. The very essence of popular television is to reduce complexities, humanize feelings and in the process blunt criticism.

Every revolutionary junta in the Third World realizes how important television is in shaping the mind-set of the people, and that is why TV transmitters rather than national treasuries or arms depots have become prime targets for early capture and control. (There was an on-screen stage when it seemed as if every coup d'état was directed at the local radio station, as that is how they could telephone Barbara Frank on Air 80 frequency and tell her how things were going.)

The Americans are now salarating our airwaves to an extent that has reduced Canadian TV, no matter how good or relevant, to a minority taste and audience. Fully 90 per cent of the drama and 75 per cent of all programs available on prime-time English-language television is beamed up to us from the United States.

It may be too late to dilute such an overdose, although I hope not. Nothing less than a revamping of the Canadian Broadcasting Act will be needed to make any substantial impact on the status quo, and that is precisely what the Caplan-Savarega Task Force on Broadcasting, due to report in March, should recommend.

But drastically altered broadcasting regulations will not be enough. What the policy-makers of public opinion have found is that even if most formative

impressions and images are derived from TV, viewers still seek confirmation from the printed word. They look to newspapers which, with their new technology, can react to events nearly as quickly as television. What newspapers very seldom achieve, however, is a national viewpoint and the ability to synthesize news as well as report it.

Magazines, though they cannot offer hour-to-hour immediacy, do not suffer from that limitation; they can and do place events into perspective and allow readers to form comprehensive syn-

as National Issues and Ottawa's most influential lobbyist, indicates that this could become a serious invasion.

It was an old battle. It was fought—and won—in the 1970s when the Trudeau government passed Bill C-58, which had the effect of allowing American magazines into this market for what they were, instead of what they pretended to be. By adding a few pages of Canadian news and hiring a posse of smooth-talking publicists, they could masquerade as "Canadian editions" that were basically fancy ad traps.

I have always been fascinated by the fact that in the official history of Time Inc., Henry Luce, its founder, describes the magazine's Canadian edition as "our best baby." Luce may have been a cultural imperialist, but at least he was honest about it. During the 1960-61 hearings of the Royal Commission on Publications, Lawrence Laybourn, then the managing director of Time Canada, had pleaded that his magazine be considered "in all essential respects a Canadian periodical, having regard to the character and quality of its contents and the nature of its publishing operation." But that application for Canadian corporate citizenship was rudely demolished by no less a witness than Luce himself, who appeared before the commission on Jan. 17, 1961. Said Luce: "I may be in some disagreement with my colleagues, but I do not consider Time a Canadian magazine."

The Mulroney government should not allow C-58 to be repealed. American newsmagazines—along with all other foreign publications—must remain the championed guests in this country. They have that now, and Time is making good use of it, with a profit of \$6 million showing on its Canadian balance sheets for 1984.

But no so-called "Canadian editions" outside periodicals should be allowed to start up again. The return of Time into this market would probably not destroy Macleod's; this magazine's subscription base, advertising support and editorial authority are too well established for that. But the re-entry of Time and the dozens of other American magazines sure to follow might hamper the ability of Macleod's to continue evolving into an even more vital, world-class publication. Equally annoying, it would prevent new Canadian magazines from starting. So, on this 38th anniversary, I salute Macleod's illustrious past—and pray for its timeless future.



Luce: praying for a timeless future

lance. Only a newsmagazine like this one can lay claim to be reaching for the status of publishing on a weekly basis, "a rough draft of history."

That slightly self-serving observation is worth making, because Time magazine is once again exploring the possibility of launching a full-scale "Canadian" edition. The New York publication's previous plans remain secret, but the fact that Time has retained the services of Tom d'Aquino, head of the powerful Business Council



Big Paul Castellano laid low: a silky case of forced retirement, Mafia-style

## CRIME

# Sudden death by gunfire

It would make an appropriate opening scene for *The Godfather, Part Three* just after *Monday's* send-off, a sleek black 1988 Lincoln Continental eased up to the curb outside Sparks Steak House in Manhattan's posh East Side. The driver and passenger stepped out. Three policemen wearing large trenchcoats and fur hats closed in, pumped six shots from semi-automatic pistols into each of the men, then jogged toward one block to a rented getaway car. Dressed in an elegant blue mohair suit and 8000 Italian designer loafers, the passenger died in the gutter, with a chip of his skull, a half-chewed cigar and his tinted tortoise-shell glasses strewn around him. He was Paul (Big Paul) Castellano, 76, reputed boss of the Gambino crime "family," which federal officials say is the most powerful of New York's five organized crime clans. The dead driver, Thomas Bilotti, 47, was allegedly Castellano's heir apparent.

The double murder was the most spectacular Mafia public execution in years. It was also a blow to U.S. anti-Mafia's intense drive to shatter the command structure of organized crime. Castellano was already on trial for racketeering and car theft rings, and he faced racketeering charges along with the leaders of New York's four other crime families. Other indictments were also looming against the beleaguered capo, and federal prosecutors planned to play extensive videotape of Castellano and Bilotti in court to prove the existence of "the Commission"—the elusive governing body of organized crime in the United States.

Officials in charge of the Mafia crackdown speculated that Castellano's legal woes and internal opposition from an insurgent faction in the Gambino family itself lay behind the slayings. Rial Russell Goldstock, director of New York state's organized crime task force, "If you took a poll of these mobsters, I think almost all of them would say, 'We're better off with him dead than alive.'"

Castellano's murder ended any risk that he might crack under pressure and testify for the prosecution rather than face his last years in jail. And with Bilotti dead too, lawyers for other crime bosses may now seek to exclude videotape of the two men's conversations from the racketeering trial now under way in federal court in New York. Indeed, even as undertakers worked on Castellano's mangled body, lawyers for his co-defendants in the "crime commission" case moved for a mistrial on grounds that the burst of publicity surrounding the killing had prejudiced the jury.

As yet again, New York police ran a dragnet for evidence on the murders, federal authorities said that the wave of indictments against organized crime families would continue. They are concerned that a more violent faction is now poised to take control of the clan. Meanwhile, the murder has one clear beneficiary: Sparks Steak House, named by New York magazine on the day of the killing as the city's best, has been doing a land-office business ever since the shooting stopped.

—LENNY GALTEN in New York

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## A search for the missing

May 11, 1981, was the fifth wedding anniversary for Shirley and Gary Rosenfield—but there was no celebration. An hour-offer phoned to say that police had found the couple's missing 16-year-old son, Darryl, 45 km from their Coquitlam, B.C., home. He had been sec-

ured. Bearded Rosenfield: "My wife screamed and dropped the phone." Since then, Clifford Olson has been tried and jailed for killing 11 young people, including Darryl, and Gary Rosenfield has gone on to become president of the Edmonton-based group The Victims of Violence Society. Last week

he was heartened when Solicitor General Perrin Beatty announced the establishment of a national registry and a proposal for an information centre as part of a federal plan to assist police and parents in the search for missing children.

The plan calls for the RCMP to create a computer registry for missing children by next July. The specialized database, containing information, including clothing descriptions and dental files, about missing children, will allow a quicker and more complete exchange among police forces in Canada and abroad. The registry will publish regular bulletins and compile the first accurate national statistics on the problem. Said Beatty: "Sadly, it is true that we have better information in Canada about missing cars than about missing children." Added Beatty, father of a 10-month-old son, Christopher: "Unless you are a parent, you can never know the fear of having your child, your own flesh and blood, disappear."

Beatty also announced that a national conference on the problem will be held early next year to allow police forces, representatives from all levels of government and parent groups to discuss two other proposals he has endorsed: a Canadian information centre for missing children to be run in conjunction with private sector organizations and a Missing Children Day each May 30, a date now used for that purpose by several volunteer agencies.

Nationally, Gary Rosenfield estimates that more than 300,000 children a year are reported missing. And for his part, Sgt. Charles McNeil, head of special projects at police headquarters in Ottawa, estimated that on any given day about 1,400 children are included in the computerized missing persons list available to police through the Canadian Police Information Centre (CPIC). More accurate estimates are impossible since the RCMP system to date has neither separated children from thousands of adults listed as missing nor listed the staggered reasons for the disappearances.

Most missing children are runaways who turn up hours or days later. An undetermined percentage are abducted by one of their own parents following custody battles. But those estimates do little to soothe the parents whose children disappear without a trace and for no apparent reason. Marie-Anne Gagnon-Sirois, for one, is the grandmother of Sébastien Melville, a nine-year-old Montreal boy who disappeared without a trace in November, 1984, and is still missing. And for her, the new federal initiative is just "a beginning."

—KEN RAUGEREN in Ottawa



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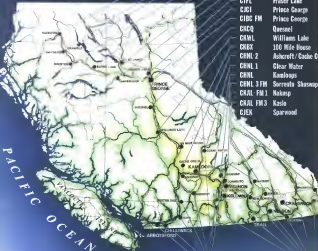
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BOOKS

## Sunshine sketches for winter spirits

Of all the better antidotes to holiday season hangovers can be found in books that produce quiet laughter. This year several new collections from Canadian humorists promise comic relief—and deliver on that promise.

Living in Ottawa has put its stamp on humor columnist Charles Gordon's style. The national capital's language of sarcasm and the abundance of paper flow strike many outsiders as both tedious and even more in his first book, *The Governor General's House May* (Macmillan, \$27.95), Southern News and Montreal's columnist Gordon offers the house of his marmoset's totem. Mop's loosely related chapters range from a parody of Howard to a means from a "Deputy Assistant Assistant Deputy Minister" as "the morning of his house" the office's misadventure, on a based After a while Mop's repetitive style begins to make fractured sense; it accurately reflects the mind-numbing qualities of the subject—and flashes of true wit.

One of Gordon's most inspired pieces of nonsense is on the danger posed by the city's office towers according to Research Canada scientists, he writes, "With enough mirrored buildings becoming light off each other, the entire downtown core could be turned into a giant laser beam." The book's funniest characters include a "bibulous" bureaucrat who has gassed his French from porno movies and a Winnipeg-based backbeater. But the book's appearance in the hands of the editor of a public satire. Its major value is that, like an afternoon of reading around Parliament Hill, it does offer a strong impression of the place.

Washington is the target of Sandra Gullib, wife of Canadian Ambassador to the United States Allan Gullib. She has written a series of columns for *The Washington Post* in the form of letters to a fictional Canadian friend, entitled in WJ of (Macmillan, \$20.95). In it, she observes the nuances of "Powerless" whose ranks include: Powerful Jobs, Gentlemen-of-Warrior, Close-Ties, Und-to-Be-Close-Ties and World Famous Columnists. Most often, the letters concern the advice of



Singer, a wild gate-crasher at a garden party

sonalistic Paper Tribune on what to do and how to entertain and drive "How have a heavy burden in this city, Sandra," Tribune tells her "Canada is just not like."

Still, Sandra learns the fine art of guest lists, seating arrangements and thank-you notes, and hosts dinner-festering such Canadian cuisine as Ed. Delia's and maple syrup. At one point she even attempts to promote less exotic native produce by feeding Canadian tourists to an invited press gathering. To her chagrin, as she reports an Ontario restaurant. When she writes, "Now I've told the Turnip War between our two countries in favor than ever."

Gullib is occasionally charming; she uses an innocent, full-out-of-winter perspective to poke fun at Washington. But she concentrates on soft matters of culture and etiquette rather than pointed political humor. WJ of describes itself as "an irreverent account of life in Washington," but in her introduction Gullib admits that her husband acted as "occasional censor" of her writing. "So one that I don't fall off and embarrass my countrymen." It is a pity (irreverence is difficult to preserve when following protocol). No such formalities restrict Joy

Singer. The Toronto Star columnist's humor is as unrestrained as a drunken gate-crasher at a garden party. In fact, one of the pleasures of his book, *No One Thinks to Grieve* (Macmillan and Stewart, \$17.95), is his witty eclectic choice of material and style. The collection of 102 columns ranges from spitting in sports to growing up in the shadow of the cruise missile. Singer's gift is his ability to carry the reader to irrelevant extremes. The loss of the Conquest Plus freight rate, he writes, has left Canadians "staring at two space for hours as we, our brains idling rhythmically, half a cent a second, half a cent a ten-cent."

At times, Singer is simply absurd. Joy. Shortcoming almost readers to beware of hurting stockbrokers who try to sell soybean futures to children. At other times, his prose can fit as comfortably as a warm scarf. When he writes about such personal events as his grandfather, who worked in the "unrecoverable" night of the New South and mine, his honesty is moving. What makes Singer among the best humorists in his awareness that sadness and nostalgia are important ingredients in laughter.

—NICHOLAS JENNINGS and VAL BLOOM

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

- 1 *The Marmoset's House, David (1)*
- 2 *Tom, Michael (1)*
- 3 *The Handmade Tale, Edward (1)*
- 4 *What's Bird in the Bone, Deane (1)*
- 5 *Convent, Roger (1)*
- 6 *The Red Fox, Hyle (1)*
- 7 *Secrets, Steve (1)*
- 8 *Lucky, Colton (1)*
- 9 *Sharkskin, King (1)*
- 10 *London Match, Douglas (1)*

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *Straight from the Heart, Chivers (1)*
- 2 *Company of Adventurers, Newman (1)*
- 3 *Success, Success with Money (1)*
- 4 *Brigitte, Tiger and James (1)*
- 5 *The World of Robert Bales, Jerry (1)*
- 6 *Elvis and Me, Pringle with Hironaka (1)*
- 7 *Denying to the Light, McGuire (1)*
- 8 *Kinky Business, McGuire (1)*
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# The PM's trips to the diaper pail

By Allan Fotheringham

There are a number of aphorisms that get us through life. None so defines has ever been invented against them. Behind every great man stands a wife telling him he's no good. Real drinkers never go out on New Year's Eve, that's the night for amateurs. Behind every successful man stands a surprised mother-in-law. The real measure of any man's life is the diaper pail.

Into all this marches a new philosopher, Miles Mulroney, breaking amazing new ground with the revelation that Brian, our one and only Prime Minister, changes the diapers on Baby Nick more than she does "because he has an sense of smell." Astonishing! Disgraceful! There must be something about the Tories. Joe Clark was ridiculed because he couldn't swim. Now it is revealed that Brian Mulroney can't smell. Do we really want a leader of our country who has neither really knows what he is like to take a whiff of a diaper when it is as full as ours?

There is, you must admit, something character-building about the stark staff that nation—about the excruciating shaft to the nostrils at the crucial moment when one attempts to service the lower needs of the tad one leaves. Why should Brian Mulroney, with all the other back that has attacked his shameless shoulders throughout his life be the only living Canadian man who has never been forced to go through this test? Miles, who affirms that little-girl innocence with her crinkled nose but actually does deep is tougher than Air Canada itself, may inadvertently have shortened the man's political career. Never mind that Ontario is put off because the Komon auto plant went to Quebec. Never mind that New Brunswick is mad because of those laid-off workers in the textile iron plant that had to close. Forget that Western Canada is miffed because David Peterson

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

seems to have told the PM he keeps on free trade. All that is small beer in relation to this issue. Because of Miles's honesty, Brian has been placed in a different category than every other grown male in Canada. He has never soiled a diaper. Believe me, he's in dangerous territory.

We are all told—and he admits it himself—that one of Mr. Mulroney's weaknesses is that he has a thin skin. His staff is forever pinching each him to develop a thicker skin, to discard the rabbit ears that make him so

trick of his underwear abroad.

Forgivable weakness, every one of them. The ordinary citizen can relate to all that. The one thing the ordinary citizen cannot accommodate is a man who, by some God-given fortune, is forever deprived of the fragrance of an overripe diaper. Mulroney is in real trouble here. The press rants on about his hubris, his overbearing pride, his inability to do anything about the delinquent or gruff of the college crowd who insist his office. All that is immaterial. We're now down to the, uh, bottom of something more serious. The guy can't smell.

The public has great concern when it does not expect its leaders to be supermen. It is conceded that certain weaknesses of the flesh, common to all of us, are allowed to the great men who govern our fate. Churchill's love for brandy did not dilute the respect in which he was held. Kennedy's weakness for a pretty ankle has not much diminished his reputation—and a similar affection did not prevent Teddy Kennedy from considering running for the presidency in 1988. The only proviso is that

the weaknesses, the inner failings, are ones that we ourselves can understand, can sympathize with—because we probably have them too. The one thing, however, that cannot be tolerated is an aberration unknown to the great unwashed.

Brian Mulroney, while he has worked very hard, has also been lucky in life. He enjoys good health. He's a good-looking guy with four nice kids. He has a beautiful, bright wife with more common sense than a beehive of equal homes. He was fortunate enough to have, preceding him as leader, a man who could be forgiven. He benefited from the country's continual wonder and exasperation with the Liberals and Trudeau to the extent that he walked away with those astonishing \$14 seats.

But he's never soiled a diaper. The citizens will never forget that and may never forgive him. Miles may have done the bid in.



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